ſelfe, well the Gods are aboue, time muſt friend or end well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Creſ. Excuſe me. *Pand.* He is elder.

Creſ. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pand. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.

Creſ. He ſhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pand. Nor his qualities.

Creſ. No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.

Creſ. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan: You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (*for ſo tis I muſt confeſſe*) not browne neither.

Creſ. No, but browne.

Pand. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne.

Creſ. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pand. She praiſd his complexion aboue *Paris*,

Creſ. Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

Creſ. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhee praizd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, hee hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pand. I ſweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Creſ. Then ſhees a merry greeke indeed.

Pand. Nay I am ſure ſhe dooes, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know hee has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Creſ. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein to a total I.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lifte as much as his brother *Hector*.

Creſ. Is he ſo yong a man, and ſo old a lifter.

Pand But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, ſhee came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

Creſ. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pand

Pan. Why, you know tis dimpled,
I thinke his ſmyling becomes him better then any m
all Phrigia. *Creſ.* Oh he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Creſ. Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *H*
loues *Troylus*.

Creſ. *Troylus* wil ſtand to thee proofe if youle prooue

Pan. *Troylus*, why hee eſteemes her no more the
ſteeme an addle egge:

Creſ. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an
head you would eate chickens ith ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to thinke how ſhe t
his chin, indeed ſhee has a maruel's white hand I muſt n
confeſſe.

Creſ. Without the rack.

Pan. And ſhee takes vpon her to ſpie a white hea
his chinne.

Creſ. Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing, Queene *Hecuba* la
that her eyes ran ore.

Creſ. With milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Creſ. But there was a more temperate fire vnder th
of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Creſ. At what was all this laughing.

Pan. Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* ſpied on
lus chin.

Creſ. And t'had beene a greene heare I ſhould
laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the heare as at his
ty anſwere.

Creſ. What was his anſwere?

Pan. Quoth ſhee heere's but two and fifty heires on
chinne; and one of them is white.

Creſ. This is her queſtion.

Pan. Thats true, make no queſtion of that, two and